

UNIVERSITY CLUB

WEEK ENDING AUGUST 5, 1916
PRICE TEN CENTS



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by Lou Mayer



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by Frederick Duncan



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by Rolf Armstrong

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Another Kirchner Cover

Those of our readers who have missed Mr. Kirchner's covers during the past three weeks will be glad to learn that next week's Puck will have another of this artist's masterpieces of color. "Kirchner Girls" have come into their own in America, and the insistent demand for these subjects has prompted us to commission Mr. Kirchner to prepare several more paintings for immediate publication.

Again We Urge You

The situation in the paper trade still prompts the publisher to conserve his supply of white paper in every possible manner, and the readers of Puck can be assured of their copy regularly every Monday morning—Tuesday in the far West—only by leaving a standing order with their newsdealer. In common with most of its contemporaries, Puck is doing all it can to discourage the wasteful system of returns which has too long prevailed, to the disadvantage of both publisher and news-seller. The easiest way is to tell your newsdealer to serve you with Puck every week, just as you order your newspaper. The dealer, knowing that he has a steady customer for Puck, will be glad to put in the necessary order; otherwise he does not feel like taking the risk of having unsold copies on his hands.

Don't Forget the Soldiers

Again we call attention to the coupon on page 27. If you have a soldier boy on the border, send him Puck each week. It will go far toward relieving the tedium of his service—a little remembrance he will never forget.

Gradual Improvement in Vision

HENRY—It was a case of love at first sight with me.

RICHARD—Then why didn't you marry her?

HENRY—I saw her again on several occasions.

PRESIDENT OF BANK, to office-boy: I'm surprised that you should ask to get off this afternoon when we are so busy. Why, even I was planning to attend a meeting of the Bank Presidents to-day but I am obliged to deny myself that pleasure and I am going to stay here.

OFFICE-BOY: Huh! There's a dozen Bank Presidents in town but there's only one fellow who can handle the receiving end of Puggy Casey's Spitters and dat's ME.

Summer Drinks from Helicon

SPOON RIVER COCKTAIL.

Jigger of Zola, dash of Hardy, spoonful of Police Gazette. Shake well and before serving garnish with Leaves of Grass.

DREISER DRAUGHT.

Fill a half-litre seidel with semi-liquid mud, and let it stand in a cool damp place for two hours.

ELINOR GLYN FIZZ.

Take a large beaker of maraschino and stir in two cupfuls of confectioner's sugar. Heat to boiling and add a jigger of gush.

IRVIN SHREWSBURY COBBLER.

Take three quarts of grape juice and three quarts of lemonade and pour them over a mint bed. Pick the mint and make a mint julep. Add another mint julep. Add another mint julep. Add another mint julep. Mix internally.



Ethel Plummer

—Drawn by Ethel Plummer

HENRIETTA: "I don't know how to get Harold back. He refuses to make up our quarrel."

JOSEPHINE. "Maybe you can get him to renew it."

Collars are very ample, some of them extending almost to the waist.

—Female Fashion Yawp.

Sooner or later, they'll meet the shoes coming up.

"In Mexico City there has been no meat, milk, eggs, bread or vegetables for nearly two weeks."

—Extract from a letter.

Many a summer boarder will sympathize with the Mexicans.

THE SUITOR (in a rhapsody): I adore everything that is beautiful, exquisite. I love the serene, the perfect!

THE MAID (cooly): Oh, Harry, how can I refuse you when you put it so beautifully?

Nobody would venture to say what William Barnes, Jr., might think of the placing of Mr. Parsons on the Campaign Committee.

—Republican Politics.

"All the news that's fit to print," would seem to excuse the apparent hesitancy.

"IT'S a fine idea, but it can't be put over." That is what the publishers said. "It will be too radical," said the clingers to tradition. "It can't make money," said the pessimists. "It will be controlled by the money back of it," said the cynics. "It will be too high-brow," said the tried editorial writers. "There's no public for it," said the man on the street.

BUT within two years it has found its public, a wide and heterogeneous public made up of government officials in Washington, educators the country over, labor leaders, lawyers, bankers, syndicalists, members of the British Cabinet, college students, free-speech advocates, railroad presidents—those thinking men and women whom Mary Antin calls "the effective members of their respective communities."

PHILOSOPHERS like John Dewey and George Santayana, American publicists like Charles Beard and Roland G. Usher, English publicists like Hobson and Norman Angell, critics like Rebecca West and Hilaire Belloc, poets like Edgar Lee Masters and Edwin Arlington Robinson, found themselves at home in its pages.

IT started out to bring to the problems and confusions of American life a fresh journalistic attitude, one of hard thinking, willingness to embrace experiment, social courage in the face of social hardship, the searchlight of responsible criticism on every policy and every aim.

IS a weekly like this worth your knowing? If it is, simply write your name and address in the margin below, pin a dollar bill to this paragraph, and send it to THE NEW REPUBLIC, 421 West 21st Street, New York City, for a 4 months' Acquaintance Subscription. You will receive 17 issues of "the most distinguished weekly in America."

Dreams—by Raphael Kirchner



I—THE GOURMAND



Before the campaign actually begins, President Wilson plans to rest for a while in Wisconsin. If he succeeds, he will accomplish more than Wisconsin itself has been able to achieve—with Battling Bob La Follette around.

Because he is to have less exercise in future, Mr. Hughes walked both to and from the Presbyterian Church this morning.

—Sunday item from Bridgehampton.

The Judge is getting to be a regular Roosevelt.

Having entrusted to him practically everything of vital importance since the beginning of the war, England may take kindly to Lloyd George's "pernicious doctrines" and "socialistic fallacies" in the coming time of peace.

If it be true, as rumored, that a revolt against Carranza has been started in Mexico, it behooves the real estate agents of Long Island to get busy. They might rent him the old Huerta place at Forest Hills, and start another Mexican colony.

Americans in the Foreign Legion, thanks to their base ball practice, have distinguished themselves at throwing hand-grenades. And in trench warfare, the "bean ball" is not prohibited, or deemed unsportsmanlike.

The midday meal consisted of soup, roast veal, gravy, creamed potatoes, string beans, chow chow, ice cream, cake, bread, coffee and lemonade.

—Plattsburg despatch.

If it combines chow chow, veal, ice cream and lemonade, Plattsburg will not raise every one of her boys to be a soldier, by a long shot.

Now that the breed is becoming extinct, our museums will probably set up bull moose skeletons beside the diplodoci.

"The little weekly as the recorder of local happenings tells them as they happen."

—John A. Sleicher.

What does the big weekly do?

The Progressives who, with commendable sincerity, sang "Onward, Christian Soldiers" in 1912 will have to sing, "Backward, Christian Soldiers" this year, or else vote for Wilson.

Colonel Roosevelt vigorously denied that he ever expressed the opinion that Charles E. Hughes might turn out to be another gold brick, as charged by Progressive State Chairman Hopkins.

—The News of Politics.

The Ananias Club has organized for the campaign of 1916. No initiation fee and no dues. Resident and non-resident members.

"I stand for an Americanism which knows no ulterior purpose."

—The Republican Candidate.

What kind of an Americanism can he be talking about, says Penrose to Barnes.

"Cow Eats Farmer's \$300."

—Newspaper headline.

It must be almost as expensive to feed a cow in North Carolina as a chicken in Times Square.

"As the representative of the Fatherland I thank you, and in the name of my army, I bring you greetings."

—The Kaiser to the German Fleet.

Wars will continue, we suspect, as long as civilized and otherwise enlightened nations stand placidly for this "my" stuff.

"The Bull moose is comparatively extinct."—Senator Lodge.

Why not a herd of Progressives in the Yellowstone Park? Something should be done to save them from total extinction.



—Drawn by W. C. Morris

"My dear Austria, you dance divinely!"

Forty Georgia melons were cut in the rooms of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce to-day.

—Washington wire.

Congress cuts its biggest melon, however, when the Pork Bill is passed.

"There is just as much patriotism among bankers as there is in Congress."

—Frank Vanderlip.

Why knock the bankers like that?

"The heavier millionaires are taxed the better," says Andrew Carnegie. Carnegie is the only millionaire in captivity who makes a noise like a poor man.

It is odd no one has explained the presence of the sharks with the theory that they are holding a preparedness parade.

Judge Ben Lindsay has declined to become a candidate for Vice President on the Prohibition ticket. There are depths to Oblivion's Chasm which appall the stoutest heart.

Whang! Stengel caught the old apple on the snout.

Base Ball report in the N. Y. Sun.

We congratulate Mr. Munsey on the raised tone of his sporting pages.



THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by Berton Braley

Drawings by Merle Johnson

"He's beaten the Ring!" sing
The convicts at Sing Sing,
As Thomas Mott Osborne comes back;
He sure went out after
Each gangster and grafter
Who happened to get in his track.

A railroad attorney
Has something to learn, he
Said workers on six cents a day
Could feed themselves grandly.
Would he talk so blandly,
If he should try living that way?

The sharks are still present
And making life pleasant
For summer resorters by sea.
There is consolation
For one's occupation
That keeps one right here where we be.



The British belittle
Each jot and each tittle
Of credit the "Deutschland" has won;
John Bull, be a sportsman!
And read the reports, man,
Then say to Cap. Koenig, "Well done!"

When Teddy "delivered"
The Moose, he diskivered
Some balkiness, easy to note;
You can lead the Moose party
To Hughesward, my hearty,
But sometimes you can't make him vote!

The Co-eds at Swarthmore,
Must henceforth go forth more
Redundantly clad than of yore.
This faculty prudence
Will mean that men students
See less of the girls than before.



The "Big push" continues.
The nerves and the sinews
Of nations are strained in the clash;
Their whole strength is wielded,
And Germany's yielded
But still she is far from a smash.

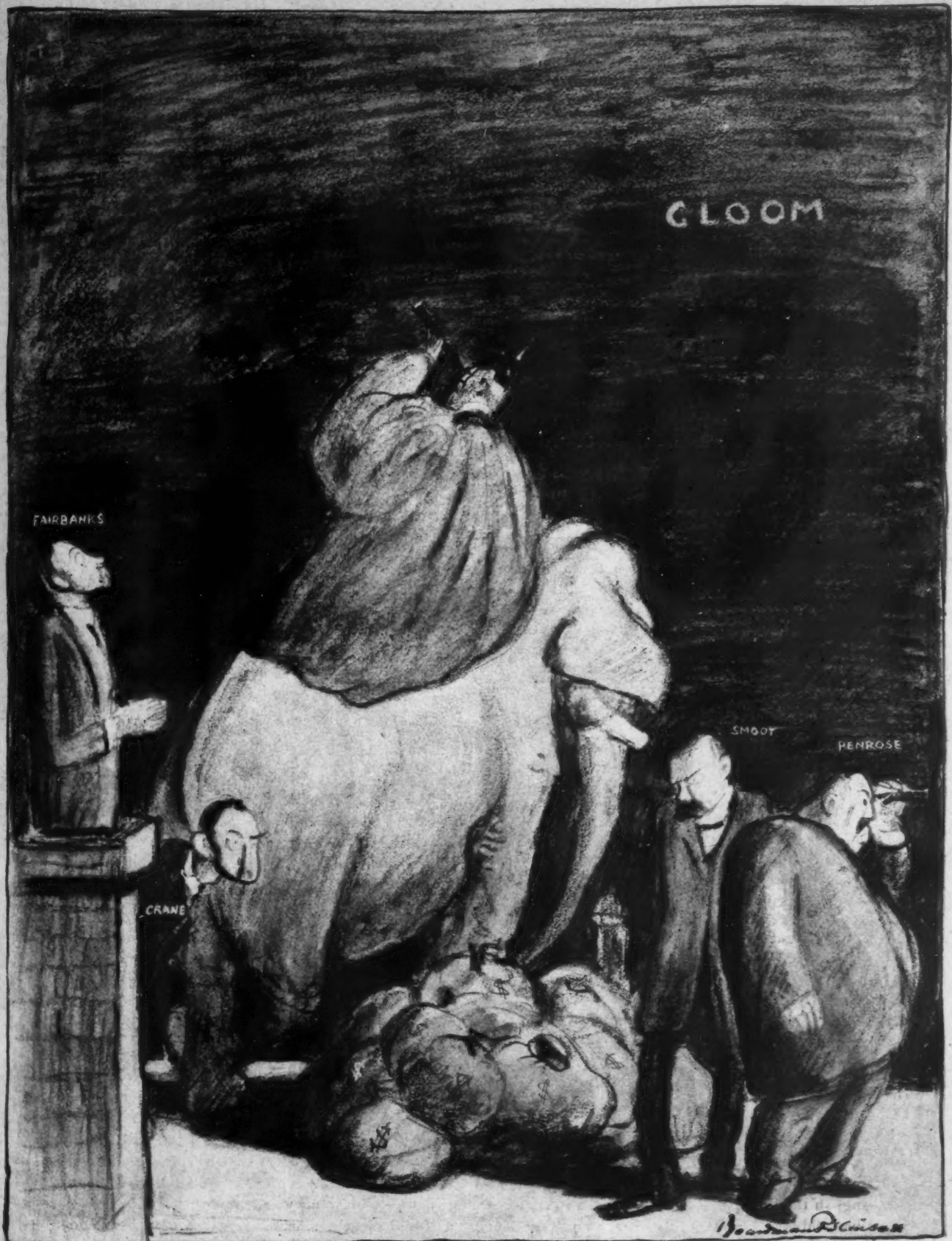
Such frank recognition
Of nerve and ambition
Would come mighty well from your clan;
Nor will it be crabbing
Your chances of grabbing
That undersea boat — if you can!

Will Orpet's acquitted
But it is admitted
He's proven a sneak and a cad.
It's true he is free in
A way — but to be in
His shoes, so we think, would be sad.



It seems Cincinnati
Has taken Our Matty.
He's leaving the Gothamite clan,
While all the fans bellow,
"Here's to you, old fellow,
Some pitcher, some player, some Man!"

Lord Churchill says Willie,
The Kaiser's, the silly
Old ass who began this here war;
Well, if he began it,
This crimson-drenched planet
Will hold him to answer therefor!



—Drawn by Boardman Robinson

THE REPUBLICAN BOARD OF STRATEGY—Looking For An Issue.



VOL. LXXX No. 2057



WELCOME TO THE RANKS OF THE EXTINCT



WEEK ENDING AUGUST 5, 1916

"We [Progressive Party] should no more enter into a combination with the Republican machine than with the Democratic machine."

— Theodore Roosevelt in the Campaign of 1912

Strings Across the Sea

EVERY American citizen of whatever political persuasion owes it to himself to see the German-language newspapers published here in the United States to-day. Get a copy of a German-language paper. Better still get several copies. Study them. If you cannot read German, study the columns in English which most of these papers now run — because they are no longer edited for readers who cannot understand the language of the American papers, but for a group of readers who cannot comprehend the attitude of the American papers.

WHEN you get the German-language paper, we call your especial attention to certain points. Note the repeated sneering references to "Mr. Wilson," meaning the President of the United States, and the panegyrics of the German emperor, always alluded to as "His Imperial Majesty." Note, too, why the President is attacked — never because he is accused of acting in a way that is affecting our country adversely, but always for acting in a way that is affecting adversely the Teutonic military campaign.

READ the persistent propaganda for an embargo on the exportation of munitions, a campaign deliberately contrived to trick our country into what is admittedly an unneutral act, and thus embroil us in the European struggle.

IT is often in the little things that the real attitude of a publication is revealed. So, note that several of these German-language papers run a column called "Amerikanische Humor" (American humor). This little section is tucked away as a sort of filler in a corner of the paper much as many of our papers run an occasional column of foreign humor. It is run, in other words, as a column of strange and foreign interest, just as a similar column with a similar heading might be run in a Berlin paper.

THE use of the word "our" in both German and English texts is also of interest. This word is used interchangeably to mean "German" and to mean "American." For instance, on the arrival of the first of the submarine merchantmen from Germany there appeared in one of the German-language papers pub-

lished in New York this sentence: "Despite intimidation from the English Ambassador, our State Department is carrying on an investigation to determine the status of our glorious submarine."

BY such peculiarities as these the German-language press of America is drawing a portion of our population together amongst themselves, and apart from the great body of Americans. Not only do they act so as to make us regard them as a group apart, they really feel themselves to be a group apart.

AS an American citizen who expects to vote and vote intelligently this November, as an American citizen supposed to be conversant with the movements of the day, both social and political, you must become familiar with the attitude of the German-language press in this country, and you cannot become familiar with it by hearsay or by reading such articles as these. Buy the German-language papers, read them for two or three days and draw your own conclusions. Then get as many other people as possible to do the same. The more voters read the German-language papers between now and November, the fewer votes will be cast for their candidate, Justice Hughes.

The Other Side

WHAT do you, Mr. New-Yorker, know of your city and its activities, of your country and what it is doing for its inhabitants? If you met the long spoken of visitor from Mars, and he knew as little of what his country stood for in progress and civilization as you know of yours, would you have much respect for him? You probably could tell the man from Mars the name of the Mayor of your city and the name of the Governor of your state, and give him some idea of your form of government. But suppose the man from Mars should remark "I hear your city, Mr. New-Yorker, has the foremost Health Department of the world; tell me something of its workings." What would you tell him? Would you know for instance that the Health Department of almost every one of the great cities of Europe, Paris, Berlin and London, is modelled after the Health Department of New York? If the messenger from Mars said "I hear the Department of Agriculture of your national government is doing such wonderful work that it has become an international clearing house of information and invention for the entire world," would you be able to substantiate this statement telling him just how this had come about?



—Drawn by W. C. Morris
Where MacGregor sits — that is the head of the table.

Books

Books are made of paper, ink and cloth; and it is their peculiar misfortune that we never seem to think of them in any other way but as books. A book is a book; no matter whether it has any brains in it or not, it is still a book. We differentiate among people, and class them according to their abilities. But in some indefinable manner the fact that any sort of material may be thrown between covers, gives it a wholly unwarranted importance.

The reason for this is simple. The few good books have lent their color to the whole tribe, who thus come to live upon a vicarious reputation.

Some day, perhaps, the Sunday papers will print the pictures of a lot of girls whose measurements are not the same as those of the Venus de Milo.

There isn't much meat in Germany, and there isn't much in the official German bulletins, either.



ABSENT-MINDED GENTLEMAN: "Confound it! I might have known that a moving-picture show would have been more crowded."

What You Should Know About Your Auto

Expert Advice Puzzled Automobilists Who Want Help

Automobile Editor: — The steering gear of my car is very stiff; and oftentimes, when I am thinking of turning a corner, I do not have time to turn the wheel sufficiently, with the result that my automobile often climbs a tree or punches a hole in a stone wall. What would you do, if you were I?

Differential, Okla. Cornelius Piston.

ANSWER: If I were you, Cornelius, I think I'd walk.

Automobile Editor: — I have a Ford car, and find it hard to start the engine. At times I am compelled to crank the car ten minutes before she starts. What can I do about it?

Gearcase, Pa. Frank Flivver.

ANSWER: — Massage your arm with linseed oil; and keep a mustard plaster on your back.

Automobile Editor: — I am 17 years old and considered very pretty by a number of people in Shoelace High School. Can I drive my brother's pleasure car without the owner being in it? I have no license of any kind, but I have a lovely new hat with 'fromage de brie' lace trimmings.

Carburetor, Conn. Florida Flotsam.

ANSWER: — Your case needs personal attention, Florida. How would it suit you if I should come out to see you next Thursday evening?

Automobile Editor: — I have a four-cylinder Dishpan automobile; and quite often, when I am cranking it, the handle on the front end kicks me in the stomach and causes me a good deal of inconvenience. Can this be remedied in any way?

Windshield, N. J. Axel Torsion.

ANSWER: Wear an iron vest while cranking.

Automobile Editor: — When my automobile stands for a few hours, it gets cold and I have a hard time starting it. Have you any suggestions?

Magneto, Mass. John Joyride.

ANSWER: Have you ever tried building a fire under it, John?

Automobile Editor: — When I shift my speed from third to second position, there is a grinding noise, and I have to stop and start over again. This makes me very nervous, and I wish you would tell me how I can stop it.

Fanbelt, R. I. Poppet Valve.

ANSWER: Get a new automobile.

Sympathy

A humane society had secured a downtown show-window and filled it with attractive pictures of wild animals in their native haunts. A placard in the middle of the exhibit read: "We were skinned to provide women with fashionable furs." A man paused before the window and his harassed expression for a moment gave place to one of sympathy.

"I know just how you feel, old tops," he muttered. "So was I!"

It Makes a Difference Whose Ox is Gored

The Pacifists were assembled in El Paso to protest against War, and to demand the abolition of armed force.

"They tell me," whispered Dr. Jethro Chinwhisker, the prominent peace advocate and book-reviewer of the *Gonic*, N. H. *Echo*, "that the Mexicans have an eight-inch gun trained on our hotel, and that if war comes, the hotel will be the first thing to go. It is my opinion that we should hold our convention in a city a little further removed from the scene of hostilities."

"See here, Doctor," declared Mr. Flamingo Pigeon, the genial Disarmament lecturer, "don't get so nervous about these Mexicans. They couldn't even lick a postage stamp; and the reason I persuaded the convention to come down here was because I knew that El Paso would be so full of our troops that we would be protected both from Mexicans and from any rioting on the part of persons who are antagonistic to our cause."

"But, Mr. Pigeon," twittered Herkimer Coalhod, the distinguished poet and No-Army propagandist, "I have heard a rumor to the effect that the United States troops have received no ammunition, for fear that they might start a battle prematurely. If we are to be protected, don't you think that we ought to use our influence to have ammunition distributed to them?"

"I have spoken to persons in authority on that score," said Mr. Pigeon, reassuringly, "and have been informed that the non-ammunition rumor was entirely without foundation. Each soldier has twenty rounds of ammunition, and has been given orders to shoot any suspicious-acting Mexican on sight and to use the bayonet on rioters."

"How nice!" exclaimed Madame Canteena Schlimmer, the well known Austrian Anti-Everything. "We can even advocate Nihilism in our speeches, can't we? I am in favor of going into executive session immediately and making faces at everyone who is in favor of preparing for anything that will do the nation any good."

Acting on Madame Schlimmer's suggestion, the Pacifists immediately convened; and after the gathering had made sure that the hall was equipped with fire-escapes and a sufficient number of exits, it started the official program by declaring against Preparedness in words so hot that they burned out a fuse in the Secretary's fountain pen.

"Laughter, a philosopher informs us, is the one great and glorious distinguishing characteristic between man and brute." — *Lew Fields*.

How, then, account for the laughing hyena, not to mention his mate, the laughing jackass?

HOWARD: Did your aunt remember you in her will?

HENRY: She sure did. Directed her executors to collect all the loans she had made me.

The war is costing Great Britain \$30,000,000 a day, and this is Leap Year, too.

THE VISITOR: I don't see how the Freshmen can keep their little caps on their heads.

THE PROFESSOR: Vacuum pressure.

Italians take several peaks, says a communiqué. At what? This press censorship is maddening at times.



Back over their heads

— Drawn by K. Chamberlain

Will any Parliament have the nerve to tell them "their place is in the home" after this?

Hush money talks.



"I say, waiter, this fish isn't quite fresh!"

"Sorry, sir, but you should have come in yesterday, sir!"

The Unexpected

Ten books — yes, ten — she took away,
Replete with action, zip and zest;
The latest novels of the day;
She planned to simply read and rest.

To loll beneath a nodding tree;
To loll and read amid the flow'rs;
Oh, what, she often said, could be
More restful in the summer hours?

Ten books — yes, ten — she took away,
I cannot lie, the facts forbid;
For truth compels me here to say
She read them *all* — she really did!

"Russians Gaining on the Lower Lipa."
— *Headline*.

To Germany: Keep a stiff Upper Lipa.

To one who doesn't know much about modern fighting, it seems as though a good way to keep trenches from being captured is not to dig any.

Isn't the Crown Prince of Germany entitled to two weeks' vacation?

"Above all, don't worry, as worry destroys the blood corpuscles," cautions kind old John D. Rockefeller. An excellent preventive of worry he might have added, is a few hundred millions in the bank.

By the Bad Sea Waves

By the sad, bad,
glad, mad sea waves
I wandered one day
during the hot spell

in July. That is, I walked Surf Avenue, at thrice detestable Coney Island, from Sea Gate to the Ocean Boulevard, wondering why the authorities tolerated the hideous and grotesque structures along the beach. Not a million years ago you could stroll from Norton's Point to the Oriental Hotel with your feet on sand the entire way. So we should rejoice because of the recent decision in Albany to the effect that the beach belongs to the public. Whether this law will ever be enforced depends much on the temper of the aforesaid public; also on the potential power of that trusty old veteran General Graft. But the afternoon I descended from the filthy cattle cars that convey broiling humanity from New York to Coney Island, there was no suggestion that the beach would ever be different: silly, sinister, freakish and dirty it is, and probably will be in the future. If you doubt the dirt make a special trip through the various tortuous thoroughfares that disgrace our municipal civilization. The fire risk must be very high but not so high as the risk of pestilence. The Board of Health which was so strenuous last winter in its enforcement of the laws against sneezing on the sidewalks, against rum, against cheap restaurants, might better have looked after Coney Island. Consider the approaches. On the other side of Surf avenue the amusement places look inviting for people who like that sort of amusement; but behind, where the cars roll by, is a little city full of tumble-down barracks, a little city of ugliness, decay, and many smells. It goes Cologne one hundred better, and, as you may remember, an English poet discovered 72 varieties of ill-odor at that charming — and maligned — city on the Rhine. Low drinking and dancing resorts, evil looking men and women, dirt, dissipation, and thriftlessness are the stigmata of this anonymous collection of shanties. No doubt there are many decent poor people forced to live in the uninviting spot and they should be pitied. With Surf avenue in front and this plague hole in the rear, you evoke the image of a man with a clean face and dirty feet.

In the Surf

However, I didn't visit the Island to uncover its sores. I dislike the place. Nevertheless, it has some horrible fascination for me. I vow I'll never set foot on its disreputable soil. Yet, behold me getting into a sardine-box on wheels, and cursing and sweating in company with my fellow sardines till dumped out at Queen's Crossways, or some other ugly, arid station, there to wait for a still more crowded through train. Why? *Cherchez-moi!* I can't say. I'm not a reformer. I would hear with equanimity the news that a monster water-spout had washed away the entire beach. And I go, perversely go, only to regret it, loathing all the while myself and my surroundings. It must be a species of midsummer madness. One thing that made the West End more dreary and more inhuman than ever was the absence of the little ones. I simply adore other people's children, and to watch their joyful antics at Coney is one excuse for its existence. There was, however, some compensation in the fact that a particularly dirty and ugly little boy of about three crawled, unasked, on my lap in the train to the delight of the mother, a Slovak lady, youthful and supremely unattractive, who bared her unwashed gums when her son saluted me as "Papa!" I was glad to escape, as would any old grumpy bachelor. I enjoyed a cynical revenge in calling the brat, "Slivawitz," and watching him respond to the name. Nothing like a good "mixer."



The Seven Arts

by James
Huneker

Before I reached the rocks at Automobile Point, where the Ocean Boulevard abuts on the water, the human living-link in bathing-clothes was in evidence. A long queue at the municipal bath-house proclaimed that the annual wetting was in progress. The great unwashed was becoming the near-washed. The law now forbids the inhabitants of the hinterland to parade their ungraceful persons without adequate covering. But they evade this rule, as every other rule of decency and cleanliness is evaded at the beach, by wrapping old rain-coats around their portly waists. Ah! the hags, with scant and tousled hair, huge pendulous busts, waddling by, leaving behind them a dripping trail when they emerge, or poisoning the air before they go in. They come down the Boulevard, monstrous and obscene, regardless of anyone, gesticulating, gabbling and in uncouth tongues, a very blot on the beauty of sky and sea. It is the unclean ugliness of all these people that exasperates sensitive nerves. Why then go near them? Why not stay in dusty, noisy New York? Why, indeed? you answer, and push to the Parkway Baths.

There the scene is
gayer. A better class,
because cleaner, dis-

On the Sand

ports on the sand, not the shining sands, but the black beach covered with newspapers, tomato cans, empty boxes, and the debris of *al fresco* luncheons. A very delirium of ugliness! There are many little tents. Under them and behind them repose young women and old in various degrees of undress. Though in the shade, perspiration rolls down their sleeping visages. It is hot, humid, crowded. These people leave narrow streets on the East Side, leave torrid rooms to come down here, to re-create the same conditions, plus, of course, the wider horizon of the salt water. A band plays ragtime in a garden hardby. Couples furiously foot the tango. The fat girl is everywhere in evidence. She fills her bathing suit and as long as she doesn't go near the ocean she is fairly presentable. You may smile at her curves, her bosses, projections and protuberances, but she's at least not a bag of bones. Most men are oriental in their tastes; a small skeleton in a bathing suit is almost repulsive. Behold the transformation after the plump girl has had her dip and returns beachwards to sit in the sun and tan her complexion and comb her locks! What an appalling spectacle! What a profound disillusionment for the idealistic bachelor to watch the plastered garments, the accentuation of the unæsthetic curves in the womanly figure, the sudden recognition — Henry James would hardly call it the "emotion of recognition" though it may be emotional enough — that, perhaps, those aesthetic critics who assert the supremacy in beauty of line of the male sex over the female, may be right; above all, that cynical Daddy Schopenhauer was not so far astray when he wrote of the long-haired, knock-kneed sex. The truth is that as ugly as men are in bathing suits, especially the middle-aged, pot-bellied sort, their ugliness is not as dishearteningly ugly as a woman, young or old, emerging like a wabby Venus from the dirty sea. Where are those lithe, graceful Amazons we admire in the Sunday Supplements? I've pursued the summer-girl from the Thousand Islands to Naragansett Pier; from Bailey's Beach, Newport, to Atlantic City and Cape May, and never saw her as the illustrators depict her. The essential truth as to her structure comes to light when she attires herself for a dip. She is not the thing of beauty and the joy forever sung of by the poets, but an awkward biped like her masculine mate, and not one of such sinuous and enchanting curves as we note in the Greek sculptures. Seen by the eye of youth, the eye of sex,

(Continued on page 21)

The Bally Pub

Of all the forms of Colonialism that tend to make New York ridiculous, the worst is that which may be called "pubolatry." This is the excessive admiration for the British public house, which finds expression in an effort to establish on these shores an imitation of that dingy and uncomfortable place of entertainment.

In fiction the English public house is a thing of considerable charm. One reads with delight of the plump pots of porter and the frothing barmaids, or something of the sort. But in reality the English public house in its native clime is a joke—an English joke. And in the United States it is a tragedy.

Those who have conscientiously investigated the English public house are aware of the fact that the barmaid, the lovely handmaid of the British Dionysius, is as a

but she will not yield up these treasures until she has received payment for them. The drink will of course be warm. If you ask for some ice she will bring you a small saucer containing a pyramid of vanilla custard.

The Englishman is not to be blamed for striving to find entertainment in the public house. It is, of course, desirable that he drink, and he must make the best of such drinking accommodations as he finds about him, he must "do duty in that state of life unto which it hath pleased God to call him." He does not really enjoy lukewarm highballs, or that dismal beverage known as musty ale; the proof of this is to be found in the shouts of delight with which, during his travels through London, he hails the apparition of an American Bar.

But while the pubolatry of the Englishman

Chop House, or a new Inn, which generally prefixes to its name the words "Ye Olde English." Waiters who were in Petrograd a few years ago urge upon the diner English Mutton Chops—huge mountains of burnt gristle which (to England's credit be it said) are entirely of American origin. Instead of the honest beer of the country served in decent glasses, one drinks flat and tasteless ale out of mugs, which, being pewter, are guaranteed never to show the need of washing. On the walls hang rows of long clay pipes, which never have been smoked and never will be. Some day an irritated guest will break all these pipes with a few large gestures. It will be a pleasant spectacle.

—Joyce Kilmer

The difference between a shark and a U-boat is that the former is a retailer.



—Drawn by Oliver Herford

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE MOVIE-GRAFT COMPANY: "It's all right to look like a lady, but in the films you got to have brains."

rule a stern virgin whose years entitle her to respect, whose beauties of character do not shine forth in her face and manner, whose closest American counterpart is, in fact, the estimable person who gave you the elements of your excellent education in that little red schoolhouse in the Green Mountains. If you endeavor to purchase a highball, she will raise her eyebrows and say coldly: "I suppose you mean a whiskey and splash." Then she will not hand you a bottle with the splendid gesture of your friend Jim at Curry's Café. Instead she will frowningly measure out, in a tiny glass, one eighth of an inch of some nondescript brown fluid. This she will grudgingly give to you, with a half bottle of flat soda water,

is an excusable, even, in its pathetic way, a commendable thing, what possible excuse can be given for those who deliberately are attempting to erect the British public house upon the ruins of the American saloon, to tear down the venerable ensign of "Kerrigan's Place" and run up the black flag of "The Green Man and the Ethiop's Head"? There are many indications of this maleficent campaign. One of these is the steady shrinkage of the free lunch, which on some streets has, from a roast of beef, a ham, and a platter of bread, degenerated to a bowl of crackers and half a dozen olives. It will not take long for these fragile edibles to become the nothingness of the British free lunch. On every corner appears a new

Has it occurred to those paragraphers who take exception to Mr. Hughes' whiskers that the candidate may possibly be too proud to shave?

Of all the arguments in favor of open hostilities with Mexico, perhaps the most powerful is this: it would enable the Colonel to become a General.

King Nicholas of Montenegro is writing an ode. The Montenegrin sword being temporarily idle, it is now up to the Montenegrin pen to prove the nation's might.

There is always a flaw in life. Somehow it seems as though the Giants and the Allies never can win on the same day.



Correct Manner



Antique Method

—Drawn by Otho Cushing

SAYING GOOD-NIGHT TO THE HOSTESS

Silence

Silence, being golden, is too expensive for the average person to obtain. Noise, on the other hand, has been offered to the public at such attractively cheap rates that no one is able to resist indulging in it at some time or other. The chief enemies of silence are automobiles, lack of education, talking machines, absence of thought, night-roaming Tom cats, cobblestones, small children, street cars and alcoholic stimulants. Silence, however, is largely relative. Men who spend \$28.75 for seventeen feet of green railroad ticket and journey to the heart of the North Woods in pursuit of silence are frequently driven half out of their senses by the occasional twittering of small yellow birds measuring upwards of three and three-quarters inches from tip to tip. Other people, who live in the shadow of elevated railway structures and iron foundries, sometimes collapse at the crushing silence which descends upon them when

the patter of children's feet is stilled. Most persons never desire silence until they have ceased their own noisiness for the day. Thus it is that a man who sits up until 2 a.m. in the smoking room of a sleeping car, keeping everyone awake by shouting and laughing uproariously, will threaten to sue the railroad company because the man in the berth above him emits a gentle but regular snore from 2:30 until 2:45. The trend of civilization is shown by the invention of silencers for firearms, radiators and typewriters. As soon as we are in possession of successful silencers for garrulous wives, cheap politicians and noisy neighbors, the millennium will be at hand.

A leading Bull Moose issue of 1912 was the Recall of Judicial Decisions. A leading — if not *the* leading — Bull Moose issue of 1916 is the Recall of their Candidate's Decision.

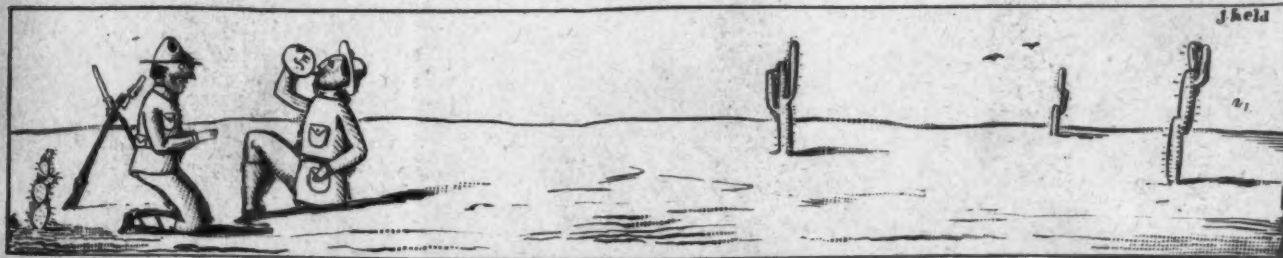
Even war clouds have a silver lining. The scarcity of dye-stuffs has necessitated an additional abbreviation of the already much abbreviated feminine bathing suit. A bazaar for the benefit of the "sufferers" is among the possibilities.

"It might be, of course, that Mr. Roosevelt will cheer the hearts of his followers by taking up the standard and leading the forlorn hope, but the chances are that he will not. Then the Progressives will come to understand the peril of building a party upon a personality."

—William J. Bryan.

The Democrats, if we recall correctly, built *their* party upon a personality for several years.

The United States Courts have willed that the Corn Products Co. is a Trust and must dissolve. Canned Corn, as it were.



SOMEWHERE IN MEXICO

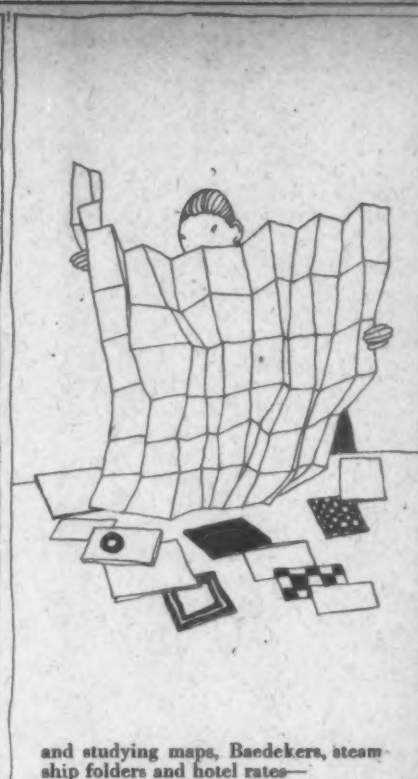
There is one consolation—we don't have to tip any hat-check boys.



Every good American is
setting aside a portion of
his salary—



and learning French—



and studying maps, Baedekers, steam-
ship folders and hotel rates—



in order to dash to Europe the moment peace is declared—



and kodak the ruined cathedrals—



collect souvenirs of the war—



and "stand on the place where."

THE CUMBERSOME HORSE.

By H. C. BUNNER

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

IT is not to be denied that a sense of disappointment pervaded Mr. Brimington's being in the hour of his first acquaintance with the isolated farm-house which he had just purchased, sight unseen, after long epistolary negotiations with Mr. Hiram Skinner, postmaster, carpenter, teamster and real estate agent of Bethel Corners, who was now driving him to his new domain.

Perhaps the feeling was of a mixed origin. Indian Summer was much colder up in Pennsylvania hills than he had expected to find it; and the hills themselves were much larger and bleaker and barer, and far more indifferent in their demeanor toward him, than he had expected to find them. Then Mr. Skinner had been something of a disappointment, himself. He was too familiar with his big, knobby, red hands; too furtive with his small, close-set eyes; too profuse of tobacco-juice, and too raspingly loquacious. And certainly the house itself did not meet his expectations when he first saw it, standing lonely and desolate in its ragged meadows of stubble and wild-grass on the unpleasantly steep mountain-side.

And yet Mr. Skinner had accomplished for him the desire of his heart. He had always said that when he should come into his money—forty thousand dollars from a maiden aunt—he would quit forever his toilsome job of preparing Young Gentlemen for admission to the Larger Colleges and Universities, and would devote the next few years to writing his long-projected "History of Prehistoric Man." And to go about this task he had always said that he would go and live in perfect solitude—that is, all by himself and a chorewoman—in a secluded farm-house, situated upon the southerly slope of some high hill—an old farm-house—a Revolutionary farm-house, if possible—a delightful, long, low, rambling farm-house—a farm-house with floors of various levels—a farm-house with crooked stairs, and with nooks and corners and quaint cupboards—this—this had been the desire of Mr. Brimington's heart.

Mr. Brimington, when he came into his money at the age of forty-five, fixed on Pike County, Pennsylvania, as a mountainous country of good report. A postal-guide informed him that Mr. Skinner was the postmaster of Bethel Corners; so, Mr. Brimington wrote to Mr. Skinner.

The correspondence between Mr. Brimington and Mr. Skinner was long enough and full enough to have settled a treaty between two nations. It ended by a discovery of a house lonely enough and aged enough to fill the bill. Several hundred dollars' worth of repairs were needed to make it habitable, and Mr. Skinner was employed to make them. Toward the close of a cold November day, Mr. Brimington saw his purchase for the first time.

In spite of his disappointment, he had to admit, as he walked around the place in the early twilight, that it was just what he

had bargained for. The situation, the dimensions, the exposure, were all exactly what had been stipulated. About its age there could be no question. Internally, its irregularity—indeed, its utter failure to conform to any known rules of domestic architecture—surpassed Mr. Brimington's wildest expectations. It had stairs eighteen inches wide; it had rooms of strange shapes

is jest filled up inside with braces so's that you can set on them good and solid." And then Mr. Skinner proudly called attention to the two coats of gray paint spread over the entire side of the house, walls, ceilings and woodwork, blending the original portions and the Skinner restorations in one harmonious, homogeneous whole.

Mr. Skinner might have told him that this variety of gray paint is highly popular in some rural districts, and is made by mixing lamp-black and ball-blue with a low grade of white lead. But he did not say it; and he drove away as soon as he conveniently could, after formally introducing him to Mrs. Sparhawk, a gaunt, stern-faced, silent,



The rush of the wind blew out the light, but not before he had time to see that it was the white horse.

and sizes; it had strange, shallow cupboards in strange places; it had no hallways; its windows were of odd design, and whoso wanted variety in floors could find it there. And along the main wall of Mr. Brimington's study there ran a structure some three feet and a half high and nearly as deep, which Mr. Skinner confidently assured him was used in old times as a wall-bench or a dresser, indifferently. "You might think," said Mr. Skinner, "that all that space inside there was jest wasted; but it ain't so. Them seats

elderly woman. Mrs. Sparhawk was to take charge of his bachelor establishment during the day time. Mrs. Sparhawk cooked him a meal for which she very properly apologized. Then she returned to her kitchen to "clean up." Mr. Brimington went to the front door, partly to look out upon his property, and partly to turn his back on the gray paint. There were no steps before the front door, but a newly-graded mound or earthwork about the size of a half-hogshead. He looked out upon his apple-orchard, which

was further away than he had expected to find it. It had been out of bearing for ten years, but this Mr. Brimington did not know. He did know, however, that the whole outlook was distinctly dreary.

As he stood there and gazed out into the twilight, two forms suddenly approached him. Around one corner of the house came Mrs. Sparhawk on her way home. Around the other came an immensely tall, whitish shape, lumbering forward with a heavy tread. Before he knew it, it had scrambled up the side of his mound with a clumsy, ponderous rush, and was thrusting itself directly upon him when he uttered so lusty a cry of dismay that it fell back startled; and, wheeling about a great long body that swayed on four misshapen legs, it pounded off in the direction it had come from, and

"But what," inquired Mr. Brimington sternly, "is the animal doing here?"

"I guess he b'longs here," Mrs. Sparhawk said. She had a cold, even, impersonal way of speaking, as though she felt that her safest course in life was to confine herself strictly to such statements of fact as might be absolutely required of her.

"But, my good woman," replied Mr. Brimington, in bewilderment, "how can that be? The animal can't certainly belong on my property unless he belongs to me, and that animal certainly is not mine."

Seeing him so much at a loss and so greatly disturbed in mind, Mrs. Sparhawk relented a little from her strict rule of life, and made an attempt at explanation.

"He b'longed to the man who owned this place first off; and I don't know for sure,

"Oh—er, yes! I see. Very probably there's been some understanding. I suppose I am to regard the horse as a sort of lien upon the place—a—a—what do they call it?—an incumbrance! Yes," he repeated, more to himself than to Mrs. Sparhawk; "an incumbrance. I've got a gentleman's country place with a horse incumbrant."

Mrs. Sparhawk heard him, however.

"It is a sorter cumbersome horse," she said. And without another word she gathered her shawl about her shoulders, and strode off into the darkness.

Mr. Brimington turned back into the house, and busied himself with a vain attempt to make his long-cherished furniture look at home in his new leaden-hued rooms. The ungrateful task gave him the blues; and, after an hour of it, he went to bed.



The horse looked at his host and emitted his blood-curdling wail.

disappeared around the corner. Mr. Brimington turned to Mrs. Sparhawk in disquiet and indignation.

"Mrs. Sparhawk," he demanded; "what is that?"

"It's a horse," said Mrs. Sparhawk, not at all surprised, for she knew that Mr. Brimington was from the city. "They hitch 'em to wagons here."

"I know it is a horse, Mrs. Sparhawk," Mr. Brimington rejoined with some asperity; "but whose horse is it, and what is it doing on my premises?"

"I don't rightly know whose horse it is," replied Mrs. Sparhawk; "the man that used to own it, he's dead now."

but I've heard that he fixed it so's that the horse would sort of go with the place."

Mr. Brimington felt irritation rising within him.

"But," he said, "it's preposterous! There was no such consideration in the deed. No such thing can be done, Mrs. Sparhawk, without my acquiescence!"

"I don't know nothin' about that," said Mrs. Sparhawk; "what I do know is, the place has changed hands often enough since, and the horse has always went with the place."

There was an unsettled suggestion in the first part of this statement of Mrs. Sparhawk that gave a shock to Mr. Brimington's nerves. He laughed uneasily.

He was dreaming leaden-hued dreams, oppressed, uncomfortable dreams, when a peculiarly weird and uncanny series of thumps on the front of the house awoke him with a start. The thumps might have been made by a giant with a weaver's beam, but he must have been a very drunken giant to group his thumps in such a disorderly parody of time and sequence.

Mr. Brimington had too guileless and clean a heart to be the prey of undefined terrors. He rose, ran to the window and opened it. The moonlight lit up the raw, frosty landscape with a cold, pale, diffused radiance, and Mr. Brimington could plainly

(Continued on page 24)



EPISODE SEVEN

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

You Could The Kind We Knew

We read in a stray "household hint" that "the red sumac blossoms made a tart drink." Not the tarts we used to know — you might lead them to water, but you couldn't make them drink.

—The Manchester (N. H.) Union.

An Invaluable News Getter

"I did not write anything for the Enquirer last week because I took a walk in the woods my writing day and just couldn't."

—The Litchfield (Conn.) Enquirer.

A Bit of Sentiment

One of the interesting features of the bridegroom's part in the wedding was the fact that the suspenders which he wore had been carefully embroidered 70 years before by his grandmother for his grandfather's wedding day.

—The Joliet (Ill.) Herald News.

A Sure Enough Kicker

W. M. Johnsons is walking about, but is complaining very much with his leg.

—Brewer cor. of the Heber Springs (Ark.) Headlight.

Rather Hard on the Widow

Amos Cress was calling at the widow Palmer's Sunday. We think Amos' head is level, if his feet do move about.

—The Spring (Va.) Vidette.

The Way to Visit Relatives

Mr. Halley, wife, daughter, Miss Ida, and son, Will, accompanied by Mrs. Ross Hailey and Master Adran motored to Springfield last Saturday and spent the day on business and visiting relatives, averaging 18 miles an hour.

—The Ash Grove (Mo.) Commonwealth.

Clever of Him

Everett Howard is a regular Sunday caller at John Shipley's now, and sometimes oftener.

—The Lebanon (Kan.) Times.

Yet Persons Want to Belong

Alfred Matmiller belongs to the Pig Club and his pig died this week.

—The Gillett (Ark.) Reporter.

Friends Indeed

Mrs. Henri Barksdale of Lafayette was one the lady delegates to the Sunday School Institute. There were others, but the friends did not deem it necessary to give us their names.

—The Cadiz (Ky.) Informer.

Sticking Together

John H. Gum and family spent Sunday at the Moses Gum home south of town.

—The Argonia (Kan.) Argory.

Not So Nice

Jesse Blackburn had a nice mule to die last week; cause unknown.

—The Trimble (Ky.) Democrat

Religion and a Sandwich

W. B. Harrison treated his Bible class to a barbecue dinner at the Lake on Tuesday evening. Some kind of a Sunday School teacher to have; and his class does say they are given Bible facts every Sunday morning.

—The Talladega (Ala.) Reporter.

What Shorty Sings

Shorty is singing the old familiar song now-a-days: "Gee, I wish I had a girl."

—The Lusk (Wyo.) Herald.

Why Flowers Leave Home

Lura Bates said her "Rare Geranium" had strayed away from her, probably he will wander to Laverne. — We will keep an eagle-eye open for "it" lest "it" might get button-holed.

—The Laverne (Okla.) Beacon Light.

For Art's Sake

Tancy Kelly, who left home a year ago and went on the stage, writes his folks he's a hit with a medicine show, and that for fame purposes he has adopted the name of Cheesecake Johnny.

—The Bolton (Mo.) Reporter.

Very Social

R. O. Hileman and Gladys Bruce were callers at the Hoy home Wednesday, where they each purchased some young pigs.

—The Lusk (Wyo.) Herald.

Very Little to Their Past

Mr. Ananias Miller, of Mayfield called upon us last Tuesday and spent a few moments discussing old times.

—The Cadiz (Ky.) Informer.

ADVENTURES ON THE CLOTHES-LINE



"Just three minutes

to catch my train,

and here I get held up at the crossing!"

Small Talk and Small Time

Characters
MR. BUDD, Orchestra K 110
MRS. BUDD, Orchestra K 111

Scene
The interior of a small-time vaudeville and motion picture house.

Time
Any night.
(The pictures are showing how a female Vampire almost succeeds in winning a man through poisoning the mind of his wife against him. Vampire is obviously subtle in her machinations and accomplishes them with much blinking and heaving.)

MRS. BUDD: Ain't she mean?
MR. BUDD: Not good-looking neither.
MRS. BUDD (coldly): I don't see what that's got to do with it.

MR. BUDD (on the defensive): Well, she won't get away with it.

(The usual incriminating situation with a modicum of pep. Wronged husband coming to accuse Vampire is treated like Joseph by the wife of Potiphar. She presses her cheek against his shoulder and looks up at him like a dying calf. Suddenly wronged husband takes his coat off. A groan from the audience.)

MR. BUDD (excitedly): He's falling for her.

MRS. BUDD (scornfully): No, you poor simp, he's letting her brush the powder off'n his coat. Can't you see?

MR. BUDD: Gee, if somebody comes in now, they'd think —

(Somebody does — Vampire's husband. Strong scene. Vampire is spurned by both men and registers despair.)

MRS. BUDD: Serves her right. She shouldn't have butted in.

MR. BUDD (taking the opposite side from force of habit): There wouldn't have been no pitcher if she hadn't tried to cop that guy's love.

MRS. BUDD (with finality): I hate her anyhow.

(This picture, stamped with approval by the National Board of Censorship, flickers its last tableau with husband and wife reunited. A pair of clog dancers syncopate into the silence. Audience apathetic.)

MR. BUDD (yawning): The boys are sitting in on a nice little game to-night, (longingly) Just six.

MRS. BUDD: Now, Larry, stop that grumbling. You're safer here, believe me.

MR. BUDD (with sudden interest): Look at her!

(The female member of the team, after a brief absence from the stage which no one noticed, now reappears appropriately dressed in vertically striped pantalettes. Audience closely attentive.)

MRS. BUDD: Ain't it terrible!

MR. BUDD: I hear they're wearing 'em around town.

MRS. BUDD: You hear more'n is good for you, Larry.

MR. BUDD (keeping time): She can step some too.

MRS. BUDD: Funny you didn't notice it before. You were strong for that little game.

(Clog dancers patter out to applause variously motivated; originating, as it does, from a feeling of relief, a sense of pleasure experienced



—Drawn by Calvert

"Quick, hide under the water, Harold, and don't come up till Dad goes away!"

or just force of habit. An episode of a serial motion picture appears on the screen. Audience is nervous and restless. The funeral of one of the murdered characters is realistically shown, — hearse, pall-bearers, flowers, mourners, carriages. Too much for audience. Boisterous laughter. Villain with scarred face shown sneering wickedly. Audience subsides. Villain slips into the vault at night, pries open lid of coffin and maliciously mangles head of corpse. Audience shudders.)

MRS. BUDD (excitedly): Oh, Larry, did you see what he done?

MR. BUDD (sophisticated and superior): It ain't nothin' but wax.

(Villain discovers it's only wax and that he had been made the victim of a ruse. Audience jeers him mercilessly. Picture fades and a comedian enters singing that he would like to go back to Oregon. Audience shares the desire after first few notes. Comedienne somewhat later, in the general spirit of desiring to be elsewhere, wishes to be back home where according to her there are real chickens — imitative noises by orchestra descriptive of chickens — not the naughty Broadway kind. Mr. and Mrs. Budd, strong for home life, nod approval. To show that they are perfectly at home themselves they buy a strong brand of gum and begin operations. Comedienne relates the troubles of a manicuriste to audience. Mr. and Mrs. Budd chew crescendo, probably out of sympathy. Comedienne concludes with the sentiment quaveringly bleated:

"Wedding bells
And baby yells
Keep girls from going wrong."

(Wild applause from girls and women who haven't gone wrong and don't intend to go wrong.)

MRS. BUDD (ruminating in the bovine sense): That's true what she said.

MR. BUDD (proudly): Ain't you glad you married me?

MRS. BUDD: It might have been some other boob.

MR. BUDD (poking Mrs. B. playfully in the ribs): Arrah go on, you're only fooling.

MRS. BUDD (as Dutch comedian appears on scene): We seen him before. Let's go.

MR. BUDD: I don't like that guy; he's too foolish looking.

COMEDIAN: I saw a Cherman change his nationality. He was rushin' out of a saloon.

(Neutral applause. Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Budd.)

—Elias Lieberman.

It is reported that the German officers commanding the Bulgarian troops have been recalled. When the German officers are recalled from Turkey, Allah will shake his spiked helmet with a sigh of relief and go back to the Fez.

Mr. Hughes recently sent one of his collars to a man in Troy whose fad is collecting neckwear worn by distinguished men. Colonel Roosevelt might send him the yoke which he wished on the neck of the Progressive Party.



"A Woman's a woman for a' that."



SMOKIN' CORN SILK

Us a-smokin' corn silk. Maw can't see;
 Never let'er smell yer breath, no sir-ee!
 We rub our hands with catnip down by the well
 And chew a bit of sassafras and Maw can't tell.

Corn silk cigarettes,
 Good enough for kings!
 Spike can inhale 'em, too—
 And I blow rings.

What's Shep a-barkin' for? Darn his hide,
 Make Shep shut his mouth and come this side.
 A dog always bawls you out; never known to fail.
 Some day we'll tie a can to old Shep's tail.

Corn silk cigarettes,
 (Grab that pup)
 Beats real terbacker—
 Till ye git growed up!

Once Henry Sparesbanks (Fairbanks' his name),
 Tried these cigarettes. Hank wasn't game.
 Smoke made his eyes hurt. Poor Hank cried;
 Then he got a mouthful and darn near died.
 Hank was a dizzy boy—
 Head felt queer.
 Smoke plum kerflummixed him!
 Gol darn near.

The Seven Arts

(Continued from page 12)

another *optique* is created. Then you say, with Dostoievsky: There are no ugly women! and from this viewpoint he is quite right.

By Brighton to Manhattan

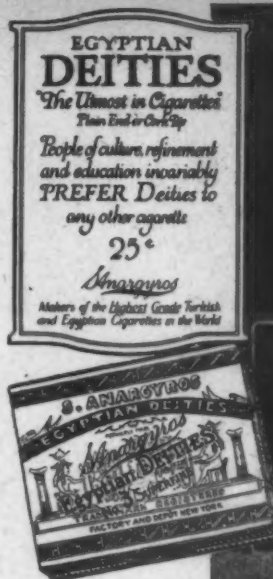
Naturally to the summer-girl and her brown lads, all I've said is pure blasphemy, the sour grapes of a mature celibate. Yes, perspective lends disenchantment to the view. So let us pass by the thousand maidens in whose laps repose the heads of their sweethearts, let us close our puritanical (and hypercritical) eyes to the curious contiguities of half-dressed beings, who would indignantly reject the notion that their behavior was slightly vulgar; and march up the boardwalk, reflecting that in the hot weather mankind reverts to its primal state of nudity; reflecting that more marriages are made on the beach than in heaven; reflecting — Bon Dieu! — that you are dying for a drink and that anyhow, its none of your business, all this playground of the sexes. To populate the earth is the first duty of the world, so onward, Christian critic, and hold your tongue! Besides, aren't you a trifle jealous? Doesn't your dried-up old heart long, once in a while, for these Egyptian flesh-pots! No more cakes and ale? Perish the thought! Even if your thirst hasn't perished.

The yellow walls of that ancient caravansary come into view, the Brighton Beach hotel, with its memories of the golden age of racing and the magic music of Anton Seidl's orchestra. But before you pass it by you graze on the boardwalk a row of little latticed cabins, which recall the sailors' quarter somewhere between Hamburg and Altona. However, the inmates here are harmless squatters by the sea, who pluck the romantic banjo at eve, and, no doubt eat clam-chowder at breakfast. You note that at the Brighton Bathing pavillion more children abound. They seem healthy enough. The bathers listen between dips to a band with bell-chimes, sip coffee, flirt, and are not afraid of sharks. It is all very jolly and you look over towards Manhattan and miss the turrets of the vanished Oriental hotel, consoling yourself with the idea that next summer will see a new and stately hostelry. It is growing late. You have absorbed the usual icy and tasteless beverage and you go to Brother Rudolf Gewert's at Sheep-head Bay where you can forget all the bad beer in a glass of imported Holland Pilsner.

It's not been a bad afternoon. You have seen a lot of fellow-beings enjoying themselves. So why spit in the soup, as they say in Russia? Hurrah for Coney Island! But I'll never go there again — not till the next time.

The Kaiser, it is said, "breakfasts lightly." But not for the same reason that prompts so many thousands of his subjects to breakfast lightly.

Had Newport's Preparedness Parade been held in the days of Harry Lehr, the orders would have been to march barefoot through somebody's fountains.



The bigot has lost caste in America.

It is the *moderate* man who has authority—the man who knows how to use and not misuse.

You will find thousands of *moderate* men using a wonderfully mild and mellow Whiskey — *Wilson — Real Wilson — That's All!*

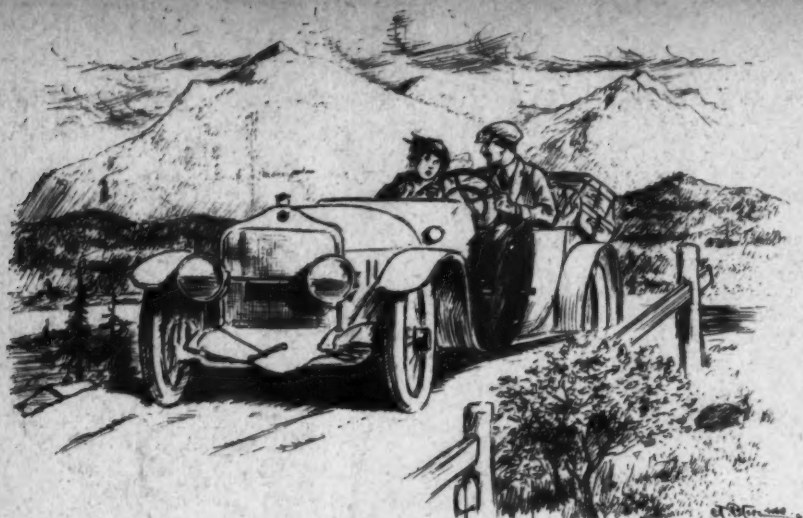
The Whiskey for which we invented the Non-Refillable Bottle

FREE CLUB RECIPES—Free booklet of famous club recipes for mixed drinks. Address Wilson, 1 East 31st St., N. Y. That's All!



AN intimate picture of a well-meaning couple who have gone away for the Summer without leaving an order to have PUCK sent to them each week. One Dollar invested in a *Three Months Trial Subscription* will insure your summer home from so harrowing a scene.

PUCK PUB. CORPORATION
210 Fifth Ave., New York



—Drawn by C. F. Peters

"My dear, you'd enjoy the scenery much more if you wouldn't shut your eyes every time you think we're having a hairbreadth escape."

Hunting a Job

A great deal of good paper and printer's ink has been wasted in emphasizing the disagreeable features of job-hunting. To an experienced hunter there is no sport more attractive, and the bigger the game the keener zest there is in its pursuit. The disrepute into which the avocation has fallen is doubtless due to an unfortunate misunderstanding of its true goal. The piker is primarily interested in actually getting the job; the true sportsman, as in every game, plays it for its own sake.

There is an illimitably wide possibility for variation in methods.

A New York newspaper carried a story a few months ago about a man who met a prospective employer on the street and forthwith knocked him down to impress the gentleman with his aggressiveness. He was hired on the spot, and deserved to be, although it was a shame to spoil so original a job-hunter by giving him employment.



"I suppose the Boy's under age, Lady; you're too young looking a woman to have such a grown-up boy."

"No Conductor, Willie's just past ten, and I'll pay full fare for him."

It may be suggested by the timid that the aggressive one was a trifle violent. Granted with pleasure. The point is that he was expressing his personality with true frankness. He had sized up his employer correctly and received the reward due him.

To one who is inclined to deprecate methods such as this that seem — well, a trifle undisciplined, let it be said in haste that they are not recommended to the general public. The chief actor in the incident just related was merely giving expression to his individual soul-longings, a perfectly legitimate act. At the time his soul doubtless stood out clearly in a period of storm and stress.

The job-hunter with the true artistic gift seldom even considers measures of such crudeness. He prefers the more wily methods of diplomacy. The two types, one strong and impetuous, the other crafty, are alike only in their common disappointment when they are compelled to leave adventure and excitement for the calm and tepid existence of regular employment.

Yet the rash type can never really reach the heights of job-hunting skill. It is only the studious and searching intellect of the crafty expert of long experience, the perennially jobless, as it were, who can appreciate in their full significance the delicate implications of the questions whether to josh or not to josh; when and how to be dignified; when to be artistically fresh; how to say much and yet be an attentive listener; how to smile sweetly and yet exhibit a bull-dog jaw.

To one of the elect it is more satisfactory by far to come away from an interview with the feeling that one has made an impression and kept the whip hand than actually to be offered all the jobs in creation.

Seven Ages of a Broadway Building

Green Light Photograph Parlor.
Popular Song Shop.
Shooting Gallery.
Ticket Speculating Headquarters.
Orange Juice Emporium.
Moving Picture Theatre.
Automat Restaurant.

Vacations Wanted



If you could rescue one little child or one overworked mother from the city's hot, glaring walls and pavements

from which they have no escape except into stuffy rooms whose stifling air is even more oppressive than that of the sun-baked streets and roofs; and

If you could give them an outing at the beach with bountiful food, rest, coolness, fresh air, a daily dip in the surf, shady porches and sandy beaches, would you not regard such a gift as well worth giving?

Such a gift is entirely within your power. Ten thousand of these mothers and children are waiting for invitations to our Sea Breeze Summer Home. You can send as many as you will for a day, a week or a fortnight.

Allow 50 cents a day or \$3 a week for each person, and direct your gift to George Blagden, Treasurer.

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How it may be Explained A Thousand Years From Now

"Today, Father, I saw a group of statuary which was most impressive. A small young man in a half-portion uniform was attacking a large man in evening dress and wrenching his coat and hat from him. The young man must have been very brave to assault a man so much larger than himself."

"I am familiar with the group of statuary to which you refer, Mortimer; and you are wrong. It was the large man in evening dress who was the brave one; for he was the first man who ever dared to repulse the attack of a Hat-Boy—for that is what the small young man was. The Hat-Boy was a person who stood just inside the door of a restaurant and separated each male patron from his coat and hat, using force if necessary."

"What was the idea, Father? Was there a law against taking coats and hats into a restaurant, or were the patrons addicted to robbing the restaurant by carrying away food and silver in their hats and coats?"



You can't keep a good man down

"Neither, Mortimer. The Hat-Boy was supposed to add to the comfort of the patron. Theoretically, he relieved the patron of an unpleasant burden by caring for his hat and coat."

"Then why, Father, was it necessary for the patron to be brave in order to prevent the Hat-Boy from seizing his outer garments? One would naturally suppose that the Hat-Boy would defer to the patron's slightest wish. Why didn't he, may I ask?"

"Really, Mortimer, I find it very difficult to explain this matter to you, now that the Hat-Boy has been abolished by Act of Congress. The whole thing seems incredible from our standpoint. It is a fact, however, that no matter how wealthy and influential a man might have been, he would have gone to any lengths to keep from offending a Hat-Boy."

"How astonishing, Father! The Hat-Boy must have possessed a singularly lovable nature; or else his life must have been one of self-denial and devotion to an ideal."

"I think not, Mortimer. Hat-Boys merely

possessed the knack of making a man feel ashamed of himself for acting in a natural manner. My great-uncle on my mother's side has frequently told me of reading in an authentic diary which he discovered in his great-grandfather's attic that if a man refused to surrender his hat to a Hat-Boy on entering a restaurant, the Hat-Boy could look at him in such a manner as to prevent him from enjoying his food for the entire day, and make him so uncomfortable that his body would be drenched in the hot perspiration of embarrassment for hours on end."

"You amaze me, Father! What slaves of convention the human race must have been! Who was the great Emancipator who freed mankind from the burden of the Hat-Boy?"

"The person whose statue you saw today, Mortimer, entered a restaurant one evening,

and thinking that a Hat-Boy was attempting to steal his hat, picked the Hat-Boy up and threw him forcibly into the midst of the chandelier. Everyone was so delighted at a Hat-Boyless restaurant that no one would help him to climb down; so he starved to death surrounded by plenty. The man who did the throwing was tried on the charge of murder. The trial was very sensational; and during its progress the testimony proved conclusively that a skilled Hat-Boy could easily take in more than \$8,900 in tips during one year's time. After the Emancipator was acquitted, Congress passed an act abolishing the Hat-Boy; and statues of the Emancipator were erected in the public squares of all large cities.

"How perfectly astounding, Father! Now that you have explained the matter to me, I have a feeling that I ought to go back and give my watch and all my spare change to the Hat-Boy's statue. No wonder poverty was so widespread during the first part of the 20th Century!"

"I know just how you feel, Mortimer. Ask the doorman to call a taxi-aéroplane and we'll fly across the Atlantic and get a whiff of salt air."

— Kenneth L. Roberts.

1st CROOK: Is there much competition in this town? In our line?

2d CROOK: No—there's only six crooks here! And three of them are handicapped by police jobs!

Not even a submarine must be sunk without warning. Even Jonah, as we recall it, exercised the right of visit and search in the case of the whale.

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"Same for 100 years"

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A
Overholt
&
Co.
Pittsburgh,
Pa.

The Cumbersome Horse

(Continued from page 17)

see right below him the cumbersome horse, cumbersomely trying to maintain a footing on the top of the little mound before the front door. When, for a fleeting instant, he seemed to think that he had succeeded in this feat, he tried to bolt through the door. As soon, however, as one of his huge knees smote the panel, his hind feet lost their grip on the soft earth, and he wobbled back down the incline, where he stood shaking and quivering, until he could muster wind enough for another attempt to make a catapult of himself. The veil-like illumination of the night, which turned all things else to a dim, silvery gray, could not hide the scars and bruises and worn places that spotted the animal's great, gaunt, distorted frame. His knees were as big as a man's head. His feet were enormous. His joints stood out from his shriveled carcass like so many pine knots. Mr. Brimmington gazed at him, fascinated, horrified, until a rush more desperate and uncertain than the rest threatened to break his front door in. "Hi!" shrieked Mr. Brimmington, "go away!"

It was the horse's turn to get frightened. He lifted his long, coffin-shaped head toward Mr. Brimmington's window, cast a sort of blind, cross-eyed, ineffectual glance at him, and with a long-drawn, wheezing, cough-choked whinny he backed down the mound, got himself about, end for end, with such extreme awkwardness that he hurt one poor knee on a hitching-post that looked to be ten feet out of his way, and limped off to the rear of the house.

The sound of that awful, rusty, wind-broken whinny haunted Mr. Brimmington all the rest of that night. It was like the sound of an orchestration run down, or of a man who is utterly tired of the whooping-cough and doesn't care who knows it.

The next morning was bright and sunshiny, and Mr. Brimmington awoke in a more cheerful frame of mind than he would naturally have expected to find himself in after his perturbed night. He found himself inclined to make the best of his purchase and to view it in as favorable a light as possible. He went outside and looked at it from various points of view, trying to find and if possible to dispose of the reason for the vague sense of disappointment which he felt, having come into possession of the rambling old farm-house, which he had so much desired.

He decided, after a long and careful inspection, that it was the proportions of the house that were wrong. They were certainly peculiar. It was singularly high between joints in the first story, and singularly low in the second. In spite of its irregularity within, it was uncompromisingly square on the outside. There was something queer about the pitch of its roof, and it seemed strange that so modest a structure with no hallway whatever should have vestibule windows on each side of its doors, both front and rear.

But here an idea flashed into Mr. Brimmington's mind that in an instant changed him from a carping critic to a delighted discoverer. He was living in a Block House!

Yes; that explained—that accounted for all the strangeness of its architecture. In an instant he found his purchase invested with a beautiful glamor of adventurous association. Here was the stout and well-planned refuge to which the grave settlers of an earlier day had fled to guard themselves against the attack of the vindictive red-skins. He saw it all. A moat, crossed no doubt by draw-bridges, had surrounded the building. In the main room below, the women and children had huddled while their courageous defenders had poured a leaden hail upon the foe through loop-holes in the upper story. He walked around the house for some time, looking for loop-holes.

So pleased was Mr. Brimmington at his theory that the morning passed rapidly away, and when he looked at his watch he was surprised to find that it was nearly noon. Then he remembered that Mr. Skinner had promised to call on him at eleven, to make anything right that was not right. Glancing over the landscape he saw Mr. Skinner approaching by a circuitous track. He was apparently following the course of a snake fence which he could readily have climbed. This seemed strange, as his way across the pasture land was seemingly unimpeded. Thinking of the pasture land made Mr. Brimmington think of the white horse, and casting his eyes a little further down the hill he saw that animal slowly and painfully steering a parallel course to Mr. Skinner, on the other side of the fence. Mr. Skinner went out of sight behind a clump of trees, and when he arrived it was not upon the side of the house where Mr. Brimmington had expected to see him appear.

As they were about to enter the house Mr. Brimmington noticed the marks of last night's attack upon his front door, and he spoke to Mr. Skinner about the horse.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Skinner, with much ingenuousness; "that horse. I was meaning to speak to you about that horse. Fact is, I've kinder got that horse on my hands, and if it's no inconvenience to you, I'd like to leave him where he is for a little while."

"But it would be very inconvenient, indeed, Mr. Skinner," said the new owner of the house. "The animal is a very unpleasant object; and, moreover, it attempted to break into my front door last night."

Mr. Skinner's face darkened. "Sho!" he said; "you don't mean to tell me that?"

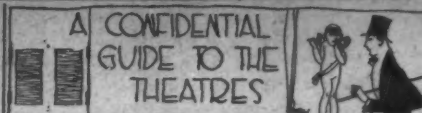
But Mr. Brimmington did mean to tell him that, and Mr. Skinner listened with a scowl of unconcealed perplexity and annoyance. He bit his lip reflectively for a minute or two before he spoke.

"Too bad you was disturbed," he said at length. "You'll have to keep the bars up to that meadow and then it won't happen again."

"But, indeed, it must not happen again," said Mr. Brimmington; "the horse must be taken away."

"Well, you see it's this way, friend," returned Mr. Skinner, with a rather ugly air of decision; "I really ain't got no choice in the matter. I'd like to oblige you, and if I'd known as far back that you would have objected to the animal I'd have had

(Continued on page 25)



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The Cumbersome Horse

(Continued from page 24)

him took somewheres. But, as it is, there ain't so such a thing as getting that there horse off this here place till the frost's out of the ground. You can see for yourself that that horse, the condition he's in now, couldn't no more go up nor down this hill than he could fly. Why, I came over here a-foot this morning on purpose not to take them horses of mine over this road again. It can't be done, sir."

"Very well," suggested Mr. Brimington; "kill the horse."

"I ain't killin' no horses," said Mr. Skinner. "You may if you like; but I'd advise you not to. There's them as mightn't like it."

"Well, let them come and take their horse away, then," said Mr. Brimington.

"Just so," assented Mr. Skinner. "It's they who are concerned in the horse, and they have a right to take him away. I would if I was any ways concerned, but I ain't." Here he turned suddenly upon Mr. Brimington. "Why, look here," he said, "you ain't got the heart to turn that there horse out of that there pasture where he's been for fifteen years! It won't do you no sorter hurt to have him stay there till Spring. Put the bars up, and he won't trouble you no more."

"But," objected Mr. Brimington, weakly, "even if the poor creature were not so unsightly, he could not be left alone all Winter in that pasture without shelter."

"That's just where you're mistaken," Mr. Skinner replied, tapping his interlocutor heavily upon the shoulder; "he don't mind it not one mite. See that shed there?" And he pointed to a few wind-racked boards in the corner of the lot. "There's his shelter; and as for feed, why there's feed enough in that meadow for two such as him."

In the end, Mr. Brimington, being utterly ignorant of the nature and needs of horse-flesh, was over-persuaded, and he consented to let the unfortunate white horse remain in his pasture lot to be the sport of the Winter's chill and bitter cruelty. Then he and Mr. Skinner talked about some new paint.

It was the dead waste and middle of Mr. Brimington's third night in his new house, when he was absolutely knocked out of a calm and peaceful slumber by a crash so appalling that he at first thought that the side of the mountain had slid down upon his dwelling. This was followed by other crashes, thumps, the tearing of woodwork and various strange and gruesome noises. Whatever it might be, Mr. Brimington felt certain that it was no secret midnight marauder, and he hastened to the eighteen-inch stairway without even waiting to put on a dressing-gown. A rush of cold air came up from below, and he had no choice but to scuttle back for a bath-robe and a candle while the noises continued, and the cold air floated all over the house.

There was no difficulty in locating the sounds. Mr. Brimington presented himself at the door of the little kitchen, pulled it open, and, raising the light above his head, looked in. The rush of wind blew out his light, but not before he had had time to

see that it was the white horse that was in the kitchen, and that he had gone through the floor.

Subsequent investigation proved that the horse had come in through the back door, carrying that and its two vestibule windows with him, and that he had first trampled and then churned the thin floor into match-wood. He was now reposing on his stomach, with his legs hanging down between the joists into the hollow under the house—for there was no cellar. He looked over his shoulder at his host and emitted his blood-curdling wail.

"My gracious!" said Mr. Brimington.

That night Mr. Brimington sat up with the horse, both of them wrapped, as well as Mr. Brimington could do it, in bed-clothes. There is not much you can do with a horse when you have to sit up with him under such circumstances. The thought crossed Mr. Brimington's mind of reading to him, but he dismissed it.

In the interview the next day, between Mr. Brimington and Mr. Skinner, the aggressiveness was all on Mr. Brimington's side, and Mr. Skinner was meek and wore an anxious expression. Mr. Brimington had, however, changed his point of view. He now realized that sleeping out of Winter nights might be unpleasant, even painful to an aged and rheumatic horse. And, although he had cause of legitimate complaint against the creature, he could no longer bear to think of killing the animal with whom he had shared that cold and silent vigil. He commissioned Mr. Skinner to build for the brute a small but commodious lodging, and to provide a proper stock of provender—commissions which Mr. Skinner gladly and humbly accepted. As to the undertaking to get the horse out of his immediate predicament, however, Mr. Skinner absolutely refused to touch the job. "That horse don't like me," said Mr. Skinner; "I know he don't; I seen it in his eyes long ago. If you like, I'll send you two or three men and a block-and-tackle, and they can get him out; but not me, no, sir!"

Mr. Skinner devoted that day to repairing damages, and promised on the morrow to begin the building of the little barn. Mr. Brimington was glad there was going to be no greater delay, when, early in the evening, the sociable white horse tried to put his front feet through the study window.

But of all the noises that startled Mr. Brimington, in the first week of his sojourn in the farm-house, the most alarming awakened him about eight o'clock of the following morning. Hurrying to his study, he gazed in wonder upon a scene unparalleled even in the History of Prehistoric Man. The boards had been ripped off the curious structure which was supposed to have served the hardy settlers for a wall-bench and a dresser, indifferently. This revealed another structure in the form of a long crib or bin, within which, apparently trying to back out through the wall, stood Mr. Skinner, holding his toolbox in front of him as if to shield himself.

(Continued on page 26)

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The Cumbersome Horse

(Continued from page 25)

and fairly yelping with terror. The front door was off its hinges, and there stood Mrs. Sparhawk wielding a broom to keep out the white horse, who was viciously trying to force an entrance. Mr. Brimington asked what it all meant; and Mrs. Sparhawk, turning a desperate face upon him, spoke with the vigor of a woman who has kept silence too long.

"It means," she said, "that this here house of yours is this here horse's stable; and the horse knows it; and that there was the horse's manger. This here horse was old Colonel Josh Pincus's regimental horse, and so provided for in his will; and this here man Skinner was to have the caring of him until he should die a natural death, and then he was to have this stable; and till then the stable was left to the horse. And now he's taken the stable away from the horse, and patched it up into a dwelling-house for a fool from New York City; and the horse don't like it; and the horse don't like Skinner. And when he come back to get that manger for your barn, the horse sot onto him. And that's what's the matter, Mr. Skimmerton."

"Mrs. Sparhawk," began Mr. Brimington —

"I ain't no Sparhawk!" fairly shouted the enraged woman, as with a furious shove she sent the Cumbersome Horse staggering down the doorway mound; "this here's Hiram Skinner, the meanest man in Pike County, and I'm his wife, let out to do day's work! You've had one week of him — how would you have liked twenty years?"

Sufficiency

THE HUSBAND: You never kiss me except when you want money.

THE WIFE: Well, isn't that often enough?



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—The Leipzig Neueste Nachrichten.

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Whereas, on the other hand, it will not be denied that an old floppy face requires an artistic-looking brim.

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- Send him PUCK for the next three months. You couldn't
spend a dollar in any other way that would bring him
more enjoyment.
- Mail for soldiers is handled carefully, expeditiously.
He will be sure to receive PUCK regularly if you
use this coupon.

Q A dollar bill pinned to this coupon, insures the arrival
of PUCK along the Mexican border every Tuesday
morning.

PUCK
210 Fifth Avenue, New York
For the enclosed \$1.00 kindly enter the following name for a Three
Months Trial Subscription.
Name
Company and Regiment
Camp

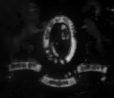


You said.
—and remember.
the best cigarette
Theodore. So the
red box promptly
appeared. Theodore
always makes good.

— at good places
you need not
mention the name.
Just ask for
the best cigarette.



Asking in London
for a Maitre d'Hotel.



Theodore Titzel
Maitre d'Hotel
Ritz-Carlton